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HE SAVED HOP LING

CAPT. CHUBB'S REMARKABLE SURGICAL OPERATION.

Seeming to Prove That Bold Methods in Dealing With Disease Are the Best—Also That Much May Be Done With Crude Implements.

Come, all ye bold young sailor lads, and listen unto me. I'll tell ye what befell Hop Ling while on the China Sea.

A tumor fierce did him annoy and kept him bathed in tears, until Chief Engineer Bill Brand cut it off with the shears.

A fire-iron then he took and cauterized the wound; and lo! up hopped Hop Ling, brave boys, all glad and safe and sound.

But really such a wonderful capital



surgical operation as this must not be diddled in the narrative. Let plain prose and terse truth prevail. The Satsuma, a fine, big steamship of 2,690 tons, sailed from Yokohama on September 12. She called at Higo three days later, and on September 16 laid her course for New York. Her officers are Englishmen, her crew of fifty-five all Chinamen, from the oldest shellback A. B.'s to the smallest cabin boy.

"What's all that quavering and rowling in the forecastle this morning?" Capt. Chubb inquired at breakfast on the second day out of Higo.

"That noise foh Hop Ling, cap'n," replied Huie Gee, the cabin steward. "Him goin' die. We makee plenty singin', plenty prayers, chin-chin Joss, 20 bad debbils no catchee Hop Ling."

"We'll see about that," said Capt. Chubb. So after breakfast he went down into the forecastle and found Hop Ling, a fireman, laid out in his bunk, very still and sad, his face the palest yellow you ever saw.

"Him plenty sick," said two other firemen off watch, grinning politely to propitiate the mighty captain. "Him goin' die plitty dam quick, cap'n. Gottee pennyseels. Yep. Die quick."

"Maybe not," mused the captain, as he examined Hop Ling and found a tumor as big as a hen's egg on his right side. "Boy, run and ask Mr. Brand here."

Chief Engineer Brand came down and looked at Hop Ling sadly.

"Shocking, sir, I call it," he said "and we so short-handed, too."

"M'm! We'll see," Capt. Chubb remarked. "Mr. Brand, will you please bring in your stoutest pair of shears for cutting metal. Have an edge on 'em. And Mr. Pycroft, please bring me the medicine-chest, a red-hot firepot and soldering-iron, a sailmaker's needle and thread, a basin of warm water and an empty potato sack."

"What's the old man up to, d'ye suppose?" asked Pycroft. "Sounds like a kit o' tools for the Spanish Inquisition."

They brought the things that Capt. Chubb required. He whipped off Hop Ling's blouse, popped the potato sack over his head and abruptly commenced him to lie still. Hop was too far gone even to tremble. The needle and thread Capt. Chubb dropped into the basin of warm water, into which he had poured a gill of carbolic acid.

"Now, then, stand by all and be ready to jump lively," the captain commanded. "Mr. Brand, soak your shears in that basin of antiseptic fluid and ship off that tumor. Mr. Pycroft, grab out that needle and sew up Hop Ling as soon as the thing is off. Then, Mr. Brand, you give the wound a touch of the fire-iron so as to cauterize it properly and destroy and germs that may be round. Ready all? Go!"

So said, so done. Capt. Chubb held fast the potato sack and the head of



Hop Ling so that he shouldn't have a chance to wriggle. The snipping and sewing and searing were all accomplished faster than a cabin boy could say scat! And afterward Hop Ling received a dose of sp. frumentum from the medicine chest that made his eyes sparkle and brought out red glows on his saffron cheeks.

One week later Hop Ling was able to shuffle about the deck. Two weeks after that he was at work again in the fireroom of the Satsuma.

The good ship got in yesterday and berthed at Pier 35, East River, to discharge her cargo of tea, rattan, cinnamon and Japanese poodle dogs.

"Oh, tut! tut!" said Capt. Chubb when a landsman congratulated him on his surgical skill. "I was nothing at all. Don't let's talk about it. Boy, bring in some tea."

"Capt'n, he velly great man," Huie Gee explained to the visitor. "Debbils catchee Hop Ling an' kill um. Cap'n he kill debbil, cut off him head, make Hop Ling good man again. 'Hullay!'—New York Press.

MADE THREE CENTURIES AGO.

Sled That Belonged to Hawaiian Chiefs Recently Found.

N. K. Pukui, while on a tour of the island of Hawaii, found a sled in a cave at Hookeena, Hawaii.

It is said that the oldest kamaianas of Hookeena have heard from their parents and grandparents that some time in the reign of King Keawenulani, about two hundred and fifty or three hundred years ago, a high chiefess named Kaneamuna was then living at Hookeena. Her principal amusement was hee holua (coasting on a sled) and hee nalu (surfing).

She had her people make a sliding ground for her on a hill just back of the little village of Hookeena, and ordered a sled, or land toboggan, as well as a surfing board. When the slide was finished she passed many hours sliding down the steep hill. This slide was composed of smooth stones covered with rushes. After her death her sled and surf board disappeared, and the secret of their hiding place was never revealed.

It is believed the sled and board found in the cave belonged to the high chiefess. They are made of the wood of the bread-fruit tree and at the present time are in very good condition. The coconut fibre ropes are still attached to the sled.—Honolulu Commercial Advertiser.

Chinese Fishing Cormorants.

Chinese have a neat way of utilizing cormorants to catch fish. Upon a



Making the Bird Disgorge by Pinching Its Throat.

raft sit the fishing cormorants, each with a thin bank of cord round its neck, so as to prevent the birds from swallowing the fish they catch. At an order from their master the birds dive from the raft, and in a few seconds reappear with fish in their bills. Their necks are then pinched in a peculiar manner and the cormorants let go the fish and drop them into a basket. The cormorant makes by far the best play with eels.

Ragpicker's Hidden Hoard.

The little town of Brailleur, in the north of France, has within the last few days been the scene of a singular incident. The premises of a petty marine store dealer had become such a public nuisance to the neighborhood from accumulations of rags of several years standing that strong complaints were made to the police, and as the owner refused to mitigate the nuisance or to deliver up his keys the place had to be forcibly entered and cleared.

The contents, in an unspeakable condition of offensive decay, filled twelve carts and underneath all the rotting mass, which was evidently there to serve the double purpose of hiding place and scarecrow, were two great leather sacks weighing 160 pounds and stuffed full of money, mainly silver, though there was some copper. The old hoarder is almost broken hearted at his secret having been penetrated.

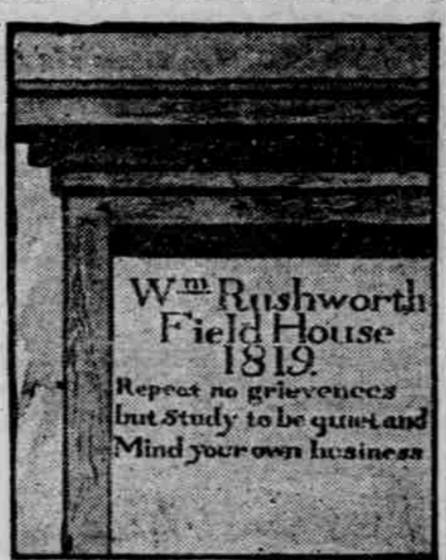
Lived Long Over Century.

A shepherd died at Mondragone, Italy, lately at the rare old age of 120 years. Up to the very last the senses of the old shepherd were very keen, particularly his sight, and, remarkable enough, he had never lost a tooth. Every morning he was in the habit of going into the woods and returning with a bundle of sticks. To the very last he rode a horse and up to a couple of days before he died the inhabitants of the village were accustomed to see him pass at a canter along the streets and highways. The old man was full of pride at his extraordinary energy and staying power. He met his death by an accident.

TEACHES GOOD LESSON TO ALL.

Curious Inscription Posted on Old House in England.

In Lancashire, England, there is a house bearing the following remarkable inscription on a tablet just under the roof: "William Rushworth Field House 1819. Repeat no grievances but study to be quiet and mind your own business." When the house was being erected a quarrel occurred between the owner and the builder, and the relations between the two became so strained that the contractor refused to go on with the work, and the house stood unfinished for two years. Eventually the owner, wishing



to make use of his house, discreetly approached the builder again, and peace was concluded, with honor, the indemnity being the fixing of this curious inscription high up on the wall, where it might be seen by all passers on the highway. There it remains to this day.

Odd Fad of Collector.

M. Gustave Schlumberger, a Parisian collector, has one of the strangest hobbies of the world and interest in the work is doubled by the variety of the objects he seeks. His hobby, which he has pursued for over thirty years has been the bringing together of the seals formerly attached to the correspondence of the princes and prelates settled in Syria in consequence of the crusades. In all he has secured fifty specimens, which he intends to bequeath to the French nation.

Some of the seals are of great interest, as, for example, that of King Amaury II. of Jerusalem, showing on its reverse the three chief buildings of the city; that of Ballan d'Berlin, seigneur of Naplouse, who defended Jerusalem against Saladin in 1187; and that of a seigneur of the stronghold of Maracleus, on the seacoast of Syria, which shows the formidable keep of the fortress.

Costly Lord Mayor's Coach.

Originally costing something more than \$5,000, the lord mayor's coach, still used in the annual procession, has probably had more money expended upon it than any horse-drawn vehicle in the world. It is nearly 150 years old and in that time more than \$100,000 has been spent in refurbishing it for the sole occasion when it is made use of each year. A more modern coach could be had for the sum of five years' repairs, but a new coach would never seem the same to the London public, who line the Strand on the occasion of the November parade. It is probable that the lord mayor of a century hence will ride in the same equipage, though, like the Irishman's knife, it has been repaired so often that practically nothing of the original coach remains.

Roman Riding Boots.



The cothurnus, which was worn by equestrians in ancient Rome, was a buskin that rose above the middle of the leg, sometimes reaching as high as the knee.

Practice for British Gunners.

Off Gibraltar the British channel fleet has been practicing night firing at a novel target. It is shaped like a destroyer, and is outlined with incandescent lamps that can be switched on or off at will from the towing boat. The idea is to make the practice as realistic as possible. Out of the darkness the "destroyer" suddenly springs, giving the gunners only a few seconds to take aim before she disappears again.

CRUSHED UNDER PIE

WERE ARTIST'S HOPES AND MILLIONAIRE'S SILK HAT.

Impression So Ardently Desired Was Certainly Made, But Not in the Right Place—Consolation Under the Circumstances Simply a Mockery.

"Don't talk to me!" wailed the girl artist wiping a daub of green paint off the side of her nose with a clean corner of her apron. "Don't even look at me! I can't bear it! I'm a failure—a rank miserableness!"

"Tut, tut," interrupted the sympathetic friend, carefully testing the strength of a tabourette before sitting down on it. "Why this sudden depression?"

"It isn't a matter of depression; it's a matter of impression," corrected the girl artist, pulling a screen in front of her last night's supper table. "What do you think of an impressionist who cannot make an impression?"

"But I thought you had, you know. Your paintings—"

"It isn't my paintings; it's my pies," was the astonishing rejoinder, "and if I've made an impression it's the very worst possible one I could make. Listen, and you shall hear. You remember how well my two subjects were hung at the exhibition last week? Well, I had worked over those things for six months and my whole future depended on them."

"Perhaps you heard that a certain millionaire was seen admiring them. Well, he did more than that. He offered to buy them, and even went so far as to make an appointment to call and see me about the prices and to look at more of my work. You don't know what that means to an artist who has been living on tea and hope, with an occasional bologna sausage, for two solid years. I had even planned to pay my three months' back rent and had picked out a nice new stylish studio on the strength of it. I got to feeling so merry and wealthy over it that I decided to have a real dinner with my last spare change. I went straight out and bought a steak and a bottle of wine and a beautiful custard pie, one of the thick, creamy kind, you know, with white fluffy dubs all over the top of it and a crust like snowflakes. I was madly reckless. Thus does success turn the youthful head."

"When I was ready to receive my millionaire and had lighted a fire in the grate that doesn't work, and hidden everything hideable under the bed, I put the pie out on the window-sill and drew the inside curtains so that you never could have seen it without staring impolitely."

"Of course, I was horribly nervous and kept running to the dressing table to daub powder on my nose and poking the fire and peeking out of the window every time the doorbell rang. At last the bell gave a funny little conventional tinkle. I sneaked to the window and peered cautiously out. But the visitor, whoever he was, was standing just a few inches too far inside the doorway to be seen from my point of vantage. Curiosity got the better of discretion within me, and, very carefully, so as not to



"My custard pie reposing on the top of his silk hat."

make it creak, I opened the window and leaned out.

"I had scarcely touched the sill when there was a whirl of something white and yellowish through the air, a splash and then a crash! I shrieked and clapped my hands to my eyes. When I withdrew them all I could see was the retreating figure of a portly gentleman in a frock coat flying madly down the street with my custard pie reposing on the top of his silk hat and dripping over his face and shoulders like Niagara Falls in winter. No, he won't come back. Don't attempt to console me! I'll never

be able to swallow another mouthful of custard pie again as long as I live without choking! Every hope I've got in the world was squashed with that pie!"

And the tears rolled down her cheeks and fell into the fire in the grate so it wouldn't work.

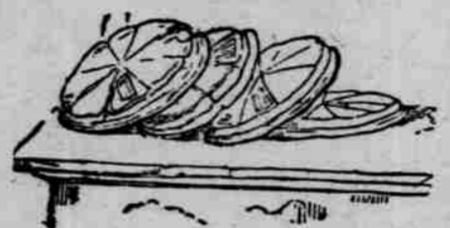
SHARKS HAVE SPECIAL SENSE.

Enables Them to Detect Presence of Carrion Afar Off.

It is a curious thing, and, so far as present knowledge goes, quite inexplicable, how a shark seems to have an unerring perception of the presence of carrion. By virtue of what sense does he know that at a distance of perhaps a couple of miles there is food to be had for the picking up? It can hardly be sight, and to say that it is the sense of smell presupposes an olfactory apparatus of such marvelous delicacy that one good whiff from an average "harness cask" would surely burst the machinery for good and all; and yet our shark will bolt a goodly lump of the gamiest salt pork without so much as a wink. No, it cannot be his nose which leads him.

Now a theory has been put forward by naturalists that the shark possesses, in common with the Andes condor, a special sense, or instinct, which is denied to cleaner feeding animals. The naturalist cannot explain this sense; confesses, in fact, that he knows nothing about it; but he can give it a name. He calls it the "carrion sense," and with that name, which, of course, explains nothing at all, expects us to be satisfied.

Pompeian Bread.



The bakers of Pompeii made their bread into forms that were circular and flat, as appears from loaves that were found among the ruins of a bake oven of the city.

Woman Becomes Broker.

A broker's office has been opened in the Mercantile Library Building, Cincinnati, by Mrs. Carlotta Thompson Brown, who has fitted the place out handsomely for the benefit of her patrons.

Mrs. Brown until her marriage about a year ago was connected with a bank—the only woman cashier in Cincinnati. Tired of the monotony of housework, she has re-entered the business world.

"Keeping house is the most tiresome thing I know of," said she, after twelve months of domestic life. "Whether a woman does her own work or has servants to do it, there is not enough mental stimulus in housework for a woman who has held her own in the business world."

"Besides, it is poor judgment to waste ability on housework which any one of average intelligence could do."

Mrs. Brown is the mistress of a beautifully appointed flat, presided over by a high-priced housekeeper.—New York World.

Vindictive Bachelors Form Club.

Because several have been flitted by summer girls ten young bachelors of Roscoe and Rockland, Sullivan county, N. Y., have formed an anti-matrimony club and decided to live only for themselves. Every bachelor becoming a member of the club is forbidden to marry under a penalty of \$100.

The better to counteract any longing for the society of ladies, the club has leased a tract of land and erected a clubhouse, where the members congregate and renew their pledges of bachelorhood.

Two of the members were flitted by summer girls last summer, four have vowed to marry only city girls and the four others, while not telling their troubles, are said to have been turned down by native beauties.—New York Sun.

Cat Stays Home Only in Winter.

The cat has come back to Isaac Page's house and all the neighborhood is ready to agree that winter has come in earnest.

The return of the feline has been an annual event since 1903. As a weather prophet he can't be beaten. He is a big yellow fellow, a mighty hunter and quite able to live off the country. He did not yield to the temptation to enjoy the warmth of the fireside. About the first day of May the cat takes to the woods. But he knows when to come home.—Golfstown Correspondence Boston Record.

Cotton Plant Blooms in Winter.

In Ashland, in Aroostook county, they have a curiosity in the shape of a cotton plant in full bloom. The seed was obtained by Mrs. H. A. Greenwood at Atlanta, Ga., last winter. It was planted in March. The blossoms appeared on Thanksgiving day.—Boston Globe.

FRIGHT CURED HIS LAMENESS.

Gout Forgotten When Tavern Keeper Ran From "Ghost."

Many years ago, in the town of Naples, Me., there was a tavern kept by a short, thick-set man whose name was Chute. He was so afflicted with gout that he had not walked for many years.

One evening, when all the men in the village had gathered at the tavern, as was their custom, to talk over the events of the day, some one said that a ghost had been seen down in the graveyard, which was about a quarter of a mile from the tavern.

As they discussed the matter, all but one man seemed to think it was true. This was a very large man by



the name of Ruggles. He said he would go and investigate if some one would go with him. No one offered to go but the proprietor, who said he would if he could only walk.

"I will take you on my back," said Ruggles. And in this way they started. They reached the graveyard wall where the ghost was said to have been seen. All at once something on the other side arose and said: "Is he fat?"

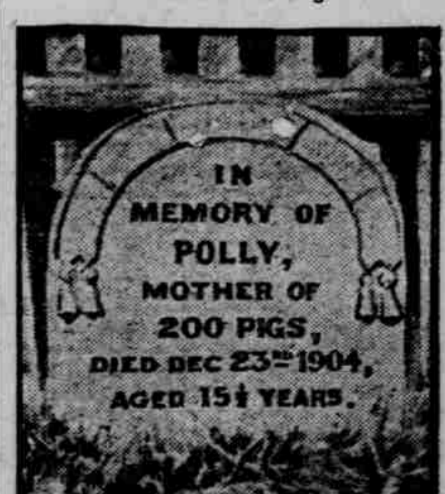
"Fat or lean, you may have him," said Ruggles, and he threw Mr. Chute off his back and ran for his life. Mr. Chute got up and ran, too. He got back to the tavern first, and was said to never have been lame afterward.

The cause of their fright proved to be two men engaged in stealing sheep. One was hid in the graveyard to help tie them when the other came in from the pasture with them on his back. He saw Ruggles with his burden, and took him for his partner with a sheep.

Chalk-Written Will Held Valid.

A curious will has been probated at Rebel, France. Some time ago a gentleman of independent means and somewhat eccentric habits committed suicide by hanging himself in his house at Donmely. A search among his papers failed to disclose any will until, under the bed on a piece of sheet iron, was found chalked the following words: "This is my last will and testament. I bequeath all my property to the borough of Ardenne on condition that the mayor and borough council give 300 francs to the men of the local fire brigade for a bean feast to be held as soon as possible." This extraordinary will was disputed by the relatives, but the local court has held that it is valid.

Monument to Pig.



In the hamlet of Worsley, near Manchester, England, there is a monument unique in the world's history—a monument to an anti-race suicide pig. "Polly," the sow, who has gained this distinction, was 15½ years old, and had had a progeny amounting to the total of 200, of which number only four died in infancy.

Record in Butter Making.

In these days of creamery butter it sounds odd to read that one woman has made with her own hands 1,800 pounds of butter in a single year. Yet this is the record of Mrs. Edgar E. Chase of South Bethel, Me.

Has Given Away Many Canes.

Warren Eason of Brattleboro, Vermont, has given away more than 400 canes. He began making canes years ago from walnut which he cut on Wantastiquet mountain, and has kept up the practice ever since.